

The Historie of

O, the diuell take such coofeners, God forgive me,
Good vncle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
VVe will stay your leysure.

Hot. I haue done yfaith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners,
Deliuier them vp without their ransome straight,
And make the Dowglas sonne your onely meane
For powers in Scotland, which for diuers reasons
VWhich I shall send you written, be assurde
Will easily be granted you my Lord,
Your sonne in Scotland being thus employed
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate welbelow'd
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of Yorke, is it not?

Wor. True, who bears hard
His brothers death at *Bristow* the Lord *Scroope*:
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely staies but to be hold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it. Vpon my life it wil do well.

Nor. Before the game is afoote, thou still letst slip.

Hot. VVhy it cannot choose but be a noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland and of Yorke,
To ioyne with Mortimer, ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly wel aimed.

Wor. and tis no little reason bids vs speede,
To saue our heads, by raising of a head:
For, leaue our selues as euen as we can,
The King wil alwaies thinke him in our dept,
And thinke we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth beginne
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hotspur.

Henry the fourth.

Hot. He does, he does, wee le be reueng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, Farewel. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shal direct your course
VWhen time is ripe, which will be suddenly:
He steale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,
VWhere you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I wil fashion it, shal happily meeete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
VWhich now we hold at much vncertainty.

Nor. Farewel good brother, we shal thrive, I trust.

Hot. Vncle adieu: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and Blowes, and grones applaud our sport.

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho, An it be not foure by the day, He be
Charles waine is ouer the newchimney, and yet our h
packt. VVhat Ostler?

Of. Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prethee Tom, beat eu ts saddle, put a few f
the point, poore iade is wrung in the withers, out of al

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beanes are as danke here as a do
is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this hou
ned vpside downe since Robin Ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed since the price of o
it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I thinke this be the most vilanous house in
don roade for fleas, I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench: by the masse there is nere a k
sten could be better bit, then I haue bin since the first

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow vs nere a iordaine, &
leake in your chimney, and your chamber: he breeds fl
loach.

1 *Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hangd, co

2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of Bacon, and two razes o
to be deliuered as far as Charing Crosse.

2 *Car.* Godsbody, the Turkies in my Panier are q
ued: what Ostler: a plagu on thee, hast thou neuer an
head: canst not heare, & t were not as good a dee d as

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